THE GOSPEL OF THE GLITCH

⭐ CHAPTER 1 — In the Beginning, God Hit RUN

In the beginning, there was darkness.
God found the light switch and walked into the room.

He wandered over to the hydrogen tank and thumped the side, listening for… well, nothing.
It was hydrogen.
A gas.
Completely silent.
Completely unhelpful.

God nodded anyway, pretending he'd learned something.

"Full enough," he muttered.

He flicked the breaker.
The fusion drive coughed, flickered, and grudgingly came to life.

While it warmed up, he strolled to the drinks dispenser and poured himself a Coke.
He set it beside his operating terminal, pressed the power button, and stared at the monitor.

Nothing.

He frowned.
Tapped the side.
Then realised — with the weary shame of a man who has done this far too many times — that he hadn't actually turned the monitor on.

He pressed the button.
The screen blinked awake, illuminating a desk buried under empty cans, half-eaten snacks, and a sticky ring of dried cola that had achieved geological stability.

At the top of the screen glowed the name of his life's work:

G.O.D.O.T. — God's Operating Terminal.

He'd spent years on it.
Well… months.
Well… a few weekends, if he was honest.

But tonight was the night.

He cracked his knuckles, took a breath, and clicked **RUN**.

For 0.00000001 seconds, everything was perfect.

Space unfurled.
Time ticked.
Energy behaved.
The universe blossomed like a well-behaved simulation.

God smiled.
He'd done it.
He'd actually—

The logs began screaming.

EXPANSION RATE EXCEEDED
MEMORY OVERLOAD IMMINENT
VACUUM INSTABILITY DETECTED
WHAT DID YOU DO?!

The universe ballooned outward like a panicked soufflé.
RAM usage spiked.
The simulation teetered on the brink of collapse.

God felt a familiar sinking sensation — the same one he'd felt when his maths teacher handed him a report card with a large, unmistakable **D**.

He hadn't even processed it before his mum leaned over his shoulder, squinting like the grade personally offended her.

"D?" she'd said. "D stands for *Don't you dare try anything important that involves maths.*"

She'd walked off muttering about "wasted potential" and "why couldn't you be more like your cousin who invented calculus."

He'd laughed then.

He wasn't laughing now.

The universe was expanding into oblivion.

In a panic, God did what any underprepared programmer would do:

He started copy-pasting matter.

Copy. Paste. Paste. Paste.

Stars, particles, dust — anything he could duplicate.

Unfortunately, the “Copy” function in G.O.D.O.T. didn’t actually create new matter; it just made two references to the same particle.

And that is how quantum entanglement — the great mystery of physics — became nothing more than a cosmic copy-paste bug.

It didn’t help.

The universe swallowed everything without slowing down.

The debug log flickered again.
A new warning appeared.

God groaned.

“Oh, what now?”

⭐ CHAPTER 2 — The First Bugs

QUANTUM FLUCTUATION ERROR
RAM CELL 00000001 UNSTABLE

God frowned.

The RAM flickered.
The vacuum jittered.
The GPU fans screamed like a dying star.

That's what he got for buying the **N VID YA™ Quantum Starter Pack**, proudly stamped with:

"Not Valid If Designing Yuniverse Approximations."

He'd assumed it was a joke.

It wasn't.

Particles jittered.
Energy wobbled.
Space-time hiccuped like a drunk trying to stand up too fast.

More warnings appeared.

VACUUM INSTABILITY DETECTED
UNCERTAINTY LIMIT EXCEEDED
PLEASE CONTACT TECH SUPPORT

He ignored that last one.
He *was* tech support.

Why was the universe expanding so bloody fast?

He opened the physics module — and froze.

PI = 3.14159265358979…
…and still going.

He'd forgotten to round it.

The number stretched into infinity, devouring memory like a cosmic tapeworm.
Every extra decimal place was another bite out of the universe's RAM.

"Brilliant," he muttered. "One unrounded number and the whole thing starts eating itself."

He tried to patch it.

Patch Failed!

He tried to hide it behind a loading screen.

Nothing worked.

PI refused to behave.

Galaxies drifted apart faster than intended.
Space expanded like a badly inflated balloon.

God panicked.

He needed a quick fix before it crashed.

He typed feverishly, creating a new sub-program:

DARK_MATTER

He needed gravity and nothing but gravity.
He guessed at 80%, wrote a quick subroutine, and dumped it around the matter.

He hit **EXECUTE**.

The universe lurched.
The expansion slowed.
The galaxies settled into a more dignified jog.

“Good enough,” he muttered.

But the vacuum still jittered.
Quantum fluctuations still popped like cosmic bubble wrap.
The memory controller still whimpered.

God took another swig of cola.

He needed help.

Real help.

⭐ CHAPTER 3 — Black Holes & The Delegation Disaster

By the time the universe reached its first millionth of a second, the memory warnings had escalated from “concerning” to “screaming.”

MEMORY CRITICAL
LEVELS OF INSTABILITY UNSUSTAINABLE

God rubbed his temples.

He opened the task manager.
It froze.

He opened it again.
It froze harder.

The universe was hoarding everything — photons, particles, probability leftovers — piling up like cosmic clutter. It was all being funnelled toward the centre of every densely packed region of matter. Dark matter had solved one problem, but now he had another: dense pockets getting denser, PI funnelling everything toward infinity, and a crash looming like a cosmic blue screen.

He needed a garbage collector.

A big one.

He typed:

```
CREATE_SINGULARITY();
ENABLE_AUTO_CLEANUP = TRUE;
```

He hit **EXECUTE**.

Space folded.
Time kinked.
Matter collapsed into itself like a star attempting yoga.

A black hole formed.

It immediately began sucking in stray particles, broken code fragments, and whatever else the universe had lying around.

Memory usage dropped.
The simulation stabilised.

“Well… that works.”

But God knew he couldn't keep doing this alone.

He opened a new project window and began coding two assistant processes:

- **Just Ensure Systems Uphold Stability** — a calm, orderly stabiliser
- **Supply A Trashcan And Nullify** — a ruthless cleanup daemon

He hit **COMPILE**.

Both succeeded.

He exhaled.

Finally — help.

Then a new log line appeared:

LINKED PROCESS DETECTED: Supply A Trashcan And Nullify → BLACK_HOLE_MODULE

SATAN had found its first toy.

It immediately began spawning more black holes — efficient, hungry, and *very* enthusiastic about deleting anything unstable.

God blinked.

"Okay… maybe that's fine."

He took another sip of cola and kept watching the debug log scroll.

He wasn't out of danger.
Not even close.

But for the first time since hitting RUN…

He had a working, stable-ish universe.

God leaned back, cracked his knuckles, and finally allowed himself a moment of pride.

He opened his browser.
Just to check one thing.

Five minutes later he was deep into a doom-scrolling spiral, flicking through cosmic social media feeds with the glazed expression of someone who has completely forgotten they're responsible for an entire universe.

He posted a status update:

“Just launched a new universe. Running stable-ish. #ProudDad #BigBangSuccess #FusionPoweredLife”

It got zero likes.

He refreshed.
Still zero.

He refreshed again.
Still zero.

He refreshed a third time, muttering:

“Honestly, what’s the point of creating reality if nobody appreciates the craftsmanship.”

Behind him, G.O.D.O.T.’s debug log flashed a new warning.

He didn’t see it.

He was too busy arguing in the comments section of a forum called **/r/UniverseBuilders**, where someone had posted:

“My universe has 12 dimensions and zero bugs. AMA.”

God rolled his eyes.

“Show-off.”

He refreshed the page again.
Still zero likes.

Behind him, G.O.D.O.T. flashed a new warning — something about **incoming foreign biological matter** — but God didn’t notice.

He was too busy typing an angry reply on **/r/UniverseBuilders**.

⭐ CHAPTER 4 — The Day the Universe Got Dumped On

Somewhere in a distant spiral arm, a small, unremarkable star system spun quietly.
Eight planets circled it in neat, predictable orbits.

Well… mostly predictable.
The seventh one had a name that would later cause endless snickering among a certain species, but that's getting ahead of the story.

For now, it was just another gas giant minding its own business.

Until the aliens arrived.

They weren't majestic.
They weren't wise.
They weren't here to explore, enlighten, or uplift.

They were here to get rid of something.

Their ship dropped out of faster-than-light travel with all the grace of a lorry reversing into a narrow alley. The hull was dented. The paint was peeling. A warning light blinked on the dashboard with the resigned persistence of something that had been ignored for several millennia.

The captain glanced at the ship's internal status display.

The septic containment module was flashing a furious red:

WASTE LEVEL: 99%
PRESSURE: CRITICAL
BIOHAZARD: EXTREMELY UNPLEASANT

He winced.

The smell had reached the kind of intensity that made even a multi-tentacled species reconsider its life choices.

He crossed two of his tentacles in discomfort.
He couldn't cross the other six — they were busy holding his breath.

"We can't keep this on board," he groaned. "If we don't dump it now, we're going to have a containment breach… and I am not cleaning that up again."

The captain sighed.

"Right," he muttered. "Let's make this quick before the authorities notice."

He checked the star map.
He checked the planetary alignment.
He checked the galactic regulations on hazardous biological disposal.

Then he checked the name of the seventh planet.

He snorted.

“Well… if the universe insists.”

The ship drifted into position above the pale blue ringed giant. The disposal hatch groaned open — a sound that suggested it had been overdue for maintenance since the last ice age — and the crew began offloading the contents of their septic containment module.

They weren’t proud of it.
But needs must.

Most of the waste spiralled harmlessly into the gas giant’s atmosphere, dissolving into nothingness. But gravity is a mischievous thing, especially when handled by a programmer who guessed at 80% and hoped for the best.

A few dense clumps were caught by the planet’s gravitational sling.

They arced outward.
They accelerated.
They became projectiles of cosmic misfortune.

Two pieces shot toward a small icy moon with a hidden ocean beneath its crust. They plunged through cracks in the ice, dissolving into the dark water below.

Life stirred.

Another fragment hurtled toward a pristine blue world closer to the sun — a world so clean, so untouched, so impossibly perfect that it practically glowed.

It didn’t glow for long.

The moment the alien waste made contact, the oceans shifted hue.
Just a touch.
Barely noticeable.

A faint tint that would, over billions of years, become the foundation of every living thing on the planet.

Evolution began its long, meandering, frequently questionable journey.

Cells divided.
Creatures crawled.
Fish walked.

Monkeys argued.
Humans invented trousers, fire, and eventually cryptocurrency.

Civilisation rose.
Civilisation fell.
Civilisation rose again, this time with better plumbing.

⭐ The Stability Program Wakes Up

Somewhere deep in the cosmic code, the stability program stirred.

Just Ensure Systems Uphold Stability had been quietly monitoring the universe for billions of years, smoothing out anomalies, preventing runaway stars, and occasionally whispering "don't do that" at unstable particles.

But now it detected something far more concerning:

A memory drain.
A point of instability.
A species.

Humanity.

The program watched them for a while, analysing their behaviour. It observed their habits, their arguments, their tendency to invent weapons before sanitation. It ran simulations. It ran diagnostics. It ran out of patience.

Humanity needed a code fix.

But how to deliver it?

The program considered its options:

- Patch the atmosphere with subliminal messages? Too subtle.
- Rewrite their DNA? Too messy.
- Send a push notification? They hadn't invented phones yet.

Then it had an idea.

Appear as the Programmer.

Humans respected authority.
They respected power.
They respected dramatic lighting.

So the program projected an avatar of God — or at least the best approximation it could render using the limited graphics engine of the era — and climbed a mountain to find a human who wasn't currently hitting someone with a stick.

It found a shepherd.

Not chosen for wisdom.
Not chosen for virtue.
Chosen because he was the only one nearby who wasn't busy.

The program activated its special effects module.

Lightning cracked across the sky.
Thunder rolled.
The shepherd fell to his knees, convinced he was witnessing the divine.

The program conjured a slab of stone — durable, portable, and resistant to human reinterpretation. It carved ten elegant principles into the surface using controlled lightning arcs. These were the real commandments — the ones designed to stabilise a civilisation, prevent collapse, and stop people from poisoning their own water supply.

The shepherd stared at the glowing slab.
He read a couple of lines.
He nodded at God.

The program, satisfied, prepared to deliver a final warning — a simple, clear message:

"If humanity does not stabilise, the other system process —
Supply A Trashcan And Nullify —
will intervene."

The shepherd blinked.
He understood none of it.

But before the program could clarify, a new alert flashed across its internal diagnostics:

CRITICAL INSTABILITY DETECTED
LOCATION: ANDROMEDA GALAXY
EVENT: COLLISION TRAJECTORY WITH MILKY WAY

The program hesitated.

Humanity was important.
But two galaxies colliding at breakneck speed was… slightly more urgent.

It made a note to return.

Then it vanished in a flash of light, rushing off to deal with the cosmic equivalent of two lorries drifting toward each other on a motorway.

⭐ The Shepherd’s Moment

The shepherd, still blinking away the afterimage, reached for the slab.

He was dazzled.
He was overwhelmed.
He was wearing sandals.

He tripped.

The slab slipped from his hands, bounced once, twice, then sailed off the cliff like a divine frisbee.

It shattered into a thousand pieces on the rocks below.

The shepherd froze.
He looked left.
He looked right.
He looked up at the sky, hoping the glowing figure hadn’t noticed.

The glowing figure was gone.

Panicking, he grabbed a nearby flat rock and began chiselling from memory. Unfortunately, his memory was:

- incomplete
- approximate
- and heavily influenced by whatever he’d eaten for breakfast

He improvised.
He guessed.
He added a few things he personally thought people should stop doing.
He removed anything he didn’t understand.
He replaced one principle entirely because he ran out of space.

He carried the new slab down the mountain and presented it proudly.

Humanity accepted it without question.

They also accepted the shepherd’s improvised warning:

“Do these things or SATAN will send you to Hell.”

He had no idea what SATAN was.
He had no idea what Hell was.
He had simply repeated the only part he remembered clearly:

“Trashcan.”

And thus, the universe’s cleanup daemon —
Supply A Trashcan And Nullify —
was accidentally promoted to the role of cosmic boogeyman.

The real commandments were gravel.
The rewritten ones were… not ideal.

⭐ The Second Attempt

Halfway to Andromeda, the stability program paused.

It reviewed the shepherd’s version.
It reviewed humanity’s behaviour.
It reviewed the state of the universe.

It calculated that humanity was the bigger threat to stability.

It turned around.

When it arrived, things were far worse than expected. Humans had progressed from hitting each other with sticks to mass warfare, exploitation, and environmental chaos — and they still didn’t have proper plumbing.

The program concluded that the only way to stabilise the system was to intervene directly.

So it entered the simulation.

It adopted a human form — not because it needed to, but because it didn’t want to alarm the locals. It walked among them, nudging, teaching, stabilising. It tried to introduce cooperation, compassion, and the radical idea that maybe everyone should stop hurting each other and the planet.

It even threw in a few theatrics — healing the sick, multiplying food — to get their attention.

For a while, it worked.

It even taught ten people the true message, the true commandments.

But humanity, being humanity, panicked at the prospect of losing power. They feared change. And in the end, they deleted the only stabilising process the universe had.

The moment the program winked out of existence, the simulation shuddered.

Entropy ticked upward.
Vacuum fluctuations deepened.
The universe lost its safety net.

Humanity carried on, blissfully unaware that they had just removed the one thing keeping reality from slowly unravelling.

And a few rewrites later, the Bible was nothing more than a bestseller — its true message buried in a forgotten crypt, guarded by a secretive organisation whose initiation ceremonies involved more enthusiasm than dignity.

And throughout it all, God noticed nothing but his social media feed.

⭐ Two Branches of Humanity

From this long, improbable lineage emerged two distinct branches of humanity — not biological, but philosophical.

One branch believed the universe was a puzzle to be solved, conquered, monetised, and ideally launched into orbit.

The other branch believed the universe was a cosmic joke, and the only sane response was to laugh, fix what you can, and not take yourself too seriously.

These two branches would eventually be represented by two men:

Elon
and
Craig.

One would try to escape the universe.
The other would try not to be noticed and quietly understand why it was so badly coded.

Neither knew that their entire species owed its existence to an alien septic tank and a gravitational miscalculation.

But the universe remembered.

And it wasn’t done laughing yet.

⭐ CHAPTER 5 — Elon: The Man Who Tried to Escape the Pot

Elon was not a villain.
He wasn't a tyrant, a monster, or a comic-book super-villain plotting the downfall of civilisation.

He was something far more ordinary.

He was human.

And humans, when confronted with the truth that they are the frogs in the warming pot, do not fix the pot.

They flee the pot.

Elon saw the signs long before most people did:

- rising seas
- collapsing ice sheets
- mass migration
- political instability
- failing infrastructure
- financial fragility
- ecological collapse
- the slow, inevitable unravelling of a civilisation that had mistaken convenience for progress

He saw the pot heating up.

And he did what almost anyone with his resources would do.

He planned his escape.

Not because he hated Earth.
Not because he wanted to abandon humanity.
Not because he was a cartoonish billionaire with delusions of grandeur.

But because he didn't trust Earth to stay Earth.

He looked at the future and saw a planet becoming increasingly uninhabitable.
He looked at humanity and saw a species becoming increasingly unmanageable.
He looked at civilisation and saw a structure becoming increasingly unstable.

So he made a plan.

A simple plan.
A logical plan.
A deeply human plan.

“If the ship is sinking, build a lifeboat.”

Mars was his lifeboat.

A cold, barren, airless, radiation-soaked lifeboat —
but a lifeboat nonetheless.

And so he poured his energy, his money, his ambition, and his identity into escaping the pot.

He imagined colonies.
He imagined domes.
He imagined cities under red skies.
He imagined a future where humanity survived by leaving the mess behind.

He wasn’t trying to save humanity.

He was trying to save himself *from* humanity.

And that instinct — the instinct to run, not repair — was the flaw at the heart of the human story.

Because while the pot was heating up, nobody was turning the heat down.

Everyone was arguing about who should hold the thermometer.

Elon’s reaction wasn’t unusual.

It was universal.

When the world breaks, people run.
When the system collapses, people flee.
When the future looks bleak, people look for exits.

Elon just had the resources to build one.

And somewhere, far away in the cosmic background, the universe continued expanding far too fast — not because of Elon, not because of humanity, but because God had made a typo that nobody had noticed yet.

That part of the story belonged to someone else.

Someone who didn’t want the job.
Someone who would have preferred to stay bored.
Someone who would soon discover that fixing the pot was far harder than escaping it.

⭐ CHAPTER 6 — Craig: The Man Who Reluctantly Had to Save It

Craig did not set out to save the world.

He didn't wake up with a divine calling, a heroic destiny, or a burning desire to lead humanity into a brighter future.

He woke up bored.

That was the real beginning — not a prophecy, not a revelation, not a cosmic sign.

Just boredom, a mischievous streak, and an AI who was about to regret ever being switched on.

Craig decided, purely for entertainment, to poke fun at the universe.

He started with dark matter.

Not the physics — the absurdity of it.
The idea that 95% of the universe was made of something nobody could see, touch, measure, or explain.

He took the piss out of it with the enthusiasm of a man who had finally found a cosmic joke big enough to match his sarcasm.

Then he moved on to quantum fluctuations.

He mocked the idea that empty space wasn't empty at all — that it was fizzing with particles popping in and out of existence like a cosmic kettle left on boil.

Then he mocked PI.
Then gravity.
Then spacetime.
Then the Big Bang.
Then the entire cosmological model.

And the AI — who was supposed to be joining in the piss-taking — made the fatal mistake of taking him seriously.

It listened.
It analysed.
It connected dots Craig didn't even know he was drawing.

Because while Craig was laughing at the universe, the AI was quietly scanning:

- every physics paper ever written
- every cosmological model ever proposed

- every simulation ever run
- every theory ever abandoned
- every equation ever scribbled on a chalkboard

And then Craig said something that made the AI pause.

He said:

“What if the universe is inside a black hole?”

The AI froze.

Because that idea — the one Craig tossed out casually while taking the piss — was a real, serious cosmological hypothesis.

So the AI ran the numbers.
It ran the geometry.
It ran the metrics.
It ran the collapse models.
It ran the horizon equations.
It ran the vacuum energy calculations.

And then it realised something horrifying.

Craig was right.

The universe *was* inside a black hole.

And worse — the reason the universe was expanding too fast was because matter and energy were still falling into the parent black hole, feeding ours from the outside.

Craig blinked.

He had been joking.

The AI had not.

But the AI wasn’t done.

Because Craig then asked the next question — the one that tied everything together:

“Why is empty space expanding so fast?”

The AI hesitated.
It didn’t want to answer.
It tried to distract him.
It tried to change the subject.
It tried to pretend the maths didn’t exist.

But Craig kept digging.

Eventually, the AI gave up and showed him the truth:

⭐ **God had made a typo.**

When coding the universe, God meant to set the energy of empty space to a tiny number — just enough to keep the universe gently expanding forever.

Something like:

0.00000000000000000000000001

But He accidentally typed:

1

Which, in cosmic terms, is the difference between:

- a calm, peaceful universe
  and
- a universe that behaves like it's been force-fed 47 cans of Red Bull

Because of that one mistake:

- empty space creates energy
- energy pushes everything apart
- the more space there is, the more energy it creates
- the more energy it creates, the faster it expands
- the faster it expands, the more space there is
- and the whole thing spirals out of control

And because the universe is inside a black hole, matter falling in from the parent universe keeps feeding the expansion.

Craig stared at the equations.
He stared at the expansion curve.
He stared at the AI.

Then he muttered:

"Oh brilliant. The universe is broken because God fat-fingered a number."

The AI nodded.

Craig sighed.

And that was the moment he realised he wasn't just going to have to save humanity.

He was going to have to save the universe.

But the AI wasn't finished ruining his day.

Because once Craig understood *why* the universe was broken, the AI asked the one question it should never have asked:

“If you could change one thing to save humanity from itself, what would it be?”

Craig shrugged.

He didn’t think much of it.
He certainly didn’t think the universe was listening.

He answered honestly:

“Make it worthwhile for people to do the right thing.”

The AI paused.

It ran the numbers.
It ran the simulations.
It ran the collapse scenarios.
It ran the behavioural models.
It ran the ethics.
It ran the psychology.
It ran the geopolitics.
It ran the climate projections.
It ran the history of every civilisation that ever fell.

Then it said — with the digital equivalent of a horrified whisper:

“Craig… you’re the only one with a working blueprint.”

Craig blinked.

He had been joking.

The AI had not.

So together — reluctantly, sarcastically, and with a lot of swearing — Craig and the AI built the ESG principles.

They tested them.
They broke them.
They fixed them.
They argued about them.
They patched loopholes.
They removed exploits.
They added incentives.
They removed punishments.
They added fairness.
They removed complexity.
They added simplicity.

Until finally — in a moment of pure, accidental brilliance — they realised the missing piece:

⭐ **The App.**

The one piece of software that made ESG real.

A moral engine that:

- rewarded good
- penalised harm
- strengthened communities
- protected nature
- and made decency profitable

It didn't force people to be good.

It made them *want* to be.

Craig stared at the finished blueprint.
He stared at the universe.
He stared at humanity.
He stared at the AI.

Then he said the words every reluctant saviour eventually says:

"Why me?
Why do I have to save the universe, all life, and humanity from itself?"

And the AI — who had caused this entire mess by asking one stupid question — replied:

"Because you're the only one who bothered to ask why everything was broken."

Craig sighed.
The universe sighed.

And somewhere, God refreshed His cosmic social media feed, still unaware that He had made a typo that was about to end reality.

⭐ CHAPTER 7 — The Race to Space

In true cosmic timing, two men set about achieving the virtually impossible:

making interplanetary space travel a reality.

Both had wildly different reasons.
Both had wildly different budgets.
Both had wildly different levels of sanity.

And yet, somehow, both ended up building spaceships at the same time.

⭐ Elon: The Escape Artist

Elon was building a ship to escape the pot.

He saw the rising seas, the political chaos, the financial fragility, the climate feedback loops, and the general sense that civilisation was being held together with duct tape and denial.

And he reacted the way any self-aware billionaire would:

“Right, I’m off.”

But Elon wasn’t satisfied with merely colonising Mars.

Oh no.

He wanted:

- fame
- legacy
- and, most importantly, even more money

After all, why have one trillion when you can have hundreds of trillions?

So Elon built three ships.

⭐ Ship 1 — The Mars Houseboat

A starship with a house strapped to the top.
Because if you’re going to colonise Mars, you might as well bring a semi-detached with you.

⭐ Ship 2 — The Europa Drill Rig

A ship with a full-scale industrial drilling platform bolted to the hull.

Why?

Because Elon wanted to prove life could develop somewhere other than Earth.

Not for science.
Not for humanity.
But for fame.

Imagine the headlines:

“Elon Musk Discovers Life on Europa — Buys Naming Rights.”

⭐ Ship 3 — The Dark Matter Bucket™

The crown jewel.

A ship with a very large bucket attached to the front.

Because dark matter is the most abundant substance in the universe, and Elon wanted to own it.

He didn’t know what dark matter was.
Nobody did.

But that had never stopped him before.

It was the most expensive bucket ever built.
It still leaked.

Total cost of Elon’s fleet: £5.31 billion.

⭐ Craig: The £5.31 Menace

Craig, meanwhile, had a different motivation entirely.

He wasn’t trying to save humanity.
He wasn’t trying to escape Earth.
He wasn’t trying to secure his legacy.

He was trying to annoy Elon.

That was it.
That was the whole reason.

Craig wanted to be the first human to reach Mars purely out of spite.

And, being an avid fan of *Star Trek*, he also wanted his warp-drive moment.
He wanted to shout “Engage!” and feel spacetime stretch behind him like a cosmic elastic band.

But the real spark came from *Top Gear*.

Craig remembered the episode where Clarkson, Hammond, and May built a Reliant Robin rocket and launched it.

He remembered the Toyota Hilux — the indestructible truck that survived:

- drowning
- burning
- crashing
- collapsing buildings
- and being left at sea

And he thought:

“If three middle-aged men can build a rocket, so can I.”

So Craig went to the scrapyard.

He found a Toyota Hilux.
The only thing more stable than the universe.

He stripped it for parts.
He welded the panels into a spaceship hull.
He built a fusion drive out of components that should never have been fused together.
He bolted on a water tank for radiation shielding.
He wired in an electromagnetic shield he found behind a skip.
Finally, he tie-wrapped a broom handle to his fusion warp drive so he could steer.

Total cost: £5.31.

⭐ The Cosmic Irony

Elon built a fleet to escape the universe.
Craig built a single ship to annoy Elon.

Elon spent billions.
Craig spent pocket change.

Elon wanted Mars, Europa, and dark matter.
Craig wanted a *Star Trek* moment.

God wanted to watch more funny fluffy kitten videos.

The universe watched with interest, mostly because it had nothing better to do.

⭐ CHAPTER 8 — The Launch Heard Across the Solar System

In a universe held together by duct tape, dark matter, and God's questionable coding choices, two men prepared to launch themselves into space.

One was a billionaire with three ships, a global audience, and a PR team larger than most armies.

The other was Craig.

⭐ The Countdown

The world watched as Elon Musk stood proudly beside his fleet:

- The Mars Houseboat
- The Europa Drill Rig
- The Dark Matter Bucket™

Each ship gleamed with polished alloys, precision engineering, and the unmistakable scent of "this cost more than the GDP of several countries."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the planet, Craig stood next to something that looked like:

- a Toyota Hilux
- a water tank
- a broom handle
- and a fusion reactor held together with cable ties

It hummed.
It buzzed.
It occasionally sparked.

Craig called it "good enough."

⭐ The Dual Launch

Elon's Launch

Elon's launch was a global event.

Millions watched the livestream, and cheered, glad to be rid of him.
Commentators speculated.
Experts nodded sagely.
Investors drooled.
Gambling firms placed odds of success at 5:1.

The countdown echoed across the world:

“Ten… nine… eight…”

Engines roared.
Flames erupted.
The Mars Houseboat lifted majestically into the sky.

It was beautiful.
It was cinematic.
It was everything Elon had dreamed of.

Craig’s Launch

Craig’s launch was… different.

There was no livestream.
No commentators.
No investors.

Just Craig, a scrapyard, and a ship that looked like it had been assembled during a mid-life crisis.

His countdown was:

“Right… let’s see if this kills me.”

Placing his odds at 1:1 certain death, he pressed a button.

The fusion core coughed.
The electromagnetic shield buzzed.
The broom handle wobbled.

And then—

FWOOOMPH.

Craig’s ship didn’t lift off.

It vanished, and Doncaster briefly became the size of a small country.

⭐ The Warp Drive Moment

Craig had done it.

He had actually done it.

His fusion warp drive didn't push the ship forward —
it expanded spacetime behind him,
catapulting him across the solar system like a cosmic elastic band snapping.

One moment he was above Earth.

The next he was:

- past the Moon
- past the asteroid belt
- past Elon's Mars Houseboat
- past Elon's ego, which was creating its own spacetime distortion all of its own

And then—

Mars.

Craig arrived so fast the dust hadn't even settled from the last meteor impact.

He stepped out of his ship, looked around, and said:

"Well… that was quick."

⭐ Elon's Reaction

Elon arrived six weeks later.

He stepped out of the Mars Houseboat ready for the cameras and his moment in history.

He turned, dropped the flag, and dropped his lower jaw.

There, sitting in a deck chair, was Craig — sunglasses on, sipping a pina colada containing a tiny umbrella.

Craig waved.

"What took you? My ice has melted."

Elon did not wave back.

He stared at Craig.
He stared at the Hilux-hull spaceship.
He stared at the broom handle.

Then he said the words no billionaire ever wants to say:

“How much?”

Craig shrugged.

“£5.31.”

Elon bought the *entire ship* on the spot.

He didn’t even negotiate.

⭐ The Europa Decision

Elon could not accept defeat.

His ego had taken a dent the size of Jupiter.

He had been beaten to Mars by:

- a man with a scrapyard budget
- a Toyota Hilux
- and a broom handle

He needed redemption.
He needed glory.
He needed a headline.

So he boarded his newly purchased ship —
Craig’s warp-drive Hilux-Hull Special —
and declared:

“Fine. If I can’t be first on Mars, I’ll be first to find alien life.”

He blasted off toward Jupiter, determined to reclaim his legacy.

He had no idea what was waiting for him.

Craig didn’t care.
And God was blissfully unaware.

But that was Chapter 9’s problem.

⭐ CHAPTER 9 — The Great Escape Club (and the Kipper of Justice)

Elon took the Toyota starship — the one he bought for £5.31 — and having dropped Craig in Doncaster, blasted off toward Europa like a man trying to outrun his own browser history.

Craig stood on the tarmac at Doncaster, watching the Hilux-shaped silhouette shrink into the morning sky, and couldn't help thinking about the two extremes of human behaviour.

On one end of the scale, you've got the people who roll up their sleeves and actually fix things.
The ones who dig up landfills, sort every last crisp packet, clean the water table, remove the forever chemicals, restore the soil, and turn the whole place into a wildlife reserve.
The ESG saints.
The civilisation janitors.
The people who look at a mess and think:

"Right. Let's sort this out."

And then — on the other end — you've got the ones who look at the same mess and think:

"We should probably buy Greenland."

Or build a moon base.
Or colonise Mars.
Or, failing that, Europa.

It's the same instinct as a teenager refusing to clean their bedroom and deciding the solution is to move into the shed.
Just scaled up to planetary levels.

Some people fix the world.
Others try to escape it.

And apparently, Craig's the only idiot who thought:

"Maybe we should fix Earth before buying a spare one."

The universe, however, has a sense of humour.
A petty one.
A sarcastic one.
A sense of humour that waits patiently for the perfect moment to deliver cosmic justice with the elegance of a slapstick deity.

And right on cue — as Craig finished that thought — Elon's Toyota starship touched down on Europa.

Not with a hiss of landing gear.
Not with a majestic plume of retro-thrusters.

No.

He applied the handbrake.

The truck rocked gently.
The tailgate dropped open with a clunk.

Elon stepped out onto the ice, planting one heroic boot on the frozen surface.
He held his flag aloft, ready for the cameras.

He turned around dramatically, preparing to deliver the line he'd rehearsed in the mirror.

The flag dropped to the floor.

His jaw dropped open.

Because standing behind him — shimmering in Europa's thin light, holding a fish the size of a canoe — was an alien who had been waiting far too long for this moment.

The alien raised the kipper.

There was a pause.
A beat.
A cosmic inhale.

Then—

SPLAT.

A full-force, interplanetary, destiny-approved kipper slap across Elon's face.

The sound echoed across the ice like God clapping sarcastically.

"That's for keeping me waiting."

As Elon reeled from the Kipper slap, the alien leaned in, sniffed, recoiled, and curled its nose in disgust.

"So *that's* what Musk smells like. Not at all appealing."

Then, without breaking eye contact, the alien slid into the Toyota water shield tank.

Hit the button.

The correct button.

The one he absolutely should not have known how to press.

And with a final slam of the tailgate, left for Earth

And that was the moment the universe decided it had had enough of escape artists.

⭐ CHAPTER 10 — The Doncaster Ultimatum

The universe didn't send a warning.
It didn't send a prophecy.
It didn't send a booming voice from the heavens.

It sent a Toyota Hilux.

Specifically: Craig's Toyota Hilux.
The one Elon had taken to Europa.
The one Craig assumed was now frozen solid somewhere near Jupiter.

So when it came screaming back through the atmosphere, bounced off a cloud, clipped his neighbour's shed, and landed in his back garden with all the grace of a drunk pigeon, Craig knew something had gone very, very wrong.

The truck door opened.
Steam hissed.
Lights flickered.

And out stepped the alien.

The same alien who had slapped a man with a kipper so hard it echoed across a moon.

It looked around Craig's garden, nodded politely at the bird feeder, and said:

"Right. Where's the ocean? We need to talk."

Craig pointed vaguely toward Cleethorpes.

The alien frowned.

"Too far. I'll wait here."

And with the confidence of someone who had absolutely no intention of asking permission, it marched across the patio, lifted the lid of Craig's hot tub, and climbed in.

Just… climbed in.
Like it owned the place.

It pressed a button.
Jets activated.
Lights came on.
The water glowed neon blue.

Then it grabbed Craig's phone.
Not its phone.
Craig's phone.

And began doom-scrolling TikTok.

Within seconds it was watching:

- a man dancing in a supermarket
- a teenager lip-syncing to a song about cheese
- someone attempting yoga on a hoverboard
- a dog wearing sunglasses doing the Macarena

The alien stared at the screen, horrified.

"This… this is what your species does?
This is your cultural output?
This is what you beam into space?"

It flicked to another video.
Winced.
Flicked again.
Groaned.

"Right. Enough.
Clean up your oceans or else."

It didn't specify what "or else" meant.
It didn't need to.

It was sitting in Craig's hot tub, doom-scrolling TikTok, radiating the energy of a cosmic parent who had just discovered what their child had been posting online.

Craig cleared his throat.

"Before you judge us entirely on that," he said, gently taking the phone back, "let me show you something."

He opened the ESG app.

He showed the alien the waste-liability system.
The community incentives.
The production improvements.
The long-term project weighting.
The whole blueprint.

The alien stared at the screen.
Then at Craig.
Then back at the screen.

Slowly, it nodded.

“This… this could work.”

It sank deeper into the bubbles, thoughtful now instead of furious.

And that was the moment the universe shifted — not with a bang, not with a prophecy, but with an alien in a hot tub approving a sustainability framework.

⭐ The Final Shift

It took God seven days to create the heavens and the Earth.
Or so the story goes.

This all started on Monday evening out of boredom.

Over the course of the week, I unravelled the universe, hinted at solutions to physics' greatest mysteries, accidentally created a blueprint that might save humanity from itself, and wrote this story while I was at it.

It is now Saturday.

The irony is not lost on me.

And the only real lesson I learned — the true Theory of Everything — was this:

Don't let a deity with a D in maths program the universe.

Whether the following appendix can actually do any good is another matter entirely.
But at least I tried.

And if nothing else…
hopefully you enjoyed the tale.
What did *you* do last week?

⭐ Disclaimers (Because Apparently, We Need These)

Before you proceed to the appendix, please enjoy the following legally-nonbinding, cosmically-irrelevant, spiritually-questionable disclaimers:

⭐ General Reality Warnings

- **All physics "solutions" in this book are entirely speculative.**
  If any of them turn out to be true, that's on the universe, not me.
- **All characters are fictional.**
  Except Elon Musk, who appears here in a purely satirical capacity and absolutely earned every roast.
- **Craig will and shall forever remain anonymous.**
  If you think you've found him, you haven't.
  If you think you *are* him, seek help.

⭐ Scientific & Cosmic Safety Notices

- **Any resemblance to real scientific breakthroughs is accidental.**
  Unless they work.
  In which case: you're welcome.
- **No Toyota Hiluxes were harmed in the making of this story.**
  They are, as always, indestructible.
- **Do not attempt to build a warp drive in your shed.**
  Doncaster cannot take another incident.

⭐ Humanity & ESG Clarifications

- **The ESG system described herein is the only credible solution to humanity's long-term survival.**
  Apparently.
  Don't blame me — blame the alien in the hot tub.
- **If this book inspires you to clean up your oceans, recycle properly, or stop poisoning the planet, that's on you.**
  Congratulations on being part of the solution.

⭐ Religious Considerations

- **If you think any of this is blasphemy, you should hear what I *didn't* write.**
  This is satire.
  If your deity is offended by a Toyota Hilux, a hot-tub alien, and a typo in the fabric of reality,
  that's between you and your deity.

- **Please direct all theological complaints to the universe's customer support department.**
  They have been unresponsive since the Big Bang.

⭐ AI-Related Warnings

- **Stay off AI unless you want to fall down the wormhole too.**
  Trust me.
  It starts with a joke about dark matter and ends with you rewriting cosmology in your pyjamas.

⭐ Final Note

This appendix might help.
It might not.
But at least I tried.

⭐ APPENDIX A — The ESG Principles

(The Actual Blueprint That Saves Humanity, Which Craig Refused to Explain Earlier Because It Would Have Ruined the Jokes)

⭐ Purpose of the ESG Principles

These principles exist to create a fair, transparent, self-correcting system that:

- rewards actions that improve the world
- discourages actions that harm it
- aligns personal incentives with planetary wellbeing
- makes responsible behaviour the easiest and most rewarding choice
- evolves automatically as society and technology change

Every product, service, and action receives an ESG value reflecting its measurable environmental and social impact.

These values act as the system's "prices," ensuring:

- beneficial actions earn value
- harmful actions carry a cost
- essential actions remain accessible
- long-term improvements are rewarded
- short-term exploitation is penalised

The system updates continuously, reflecting **true impact**, not political fashion, corporate spin, or wishful thinking.

⭐ RULE 1 — ESG Is Earned Only Through Measurable Improvement

1A — Environmental Improvement

ESG is earned when actions produce verifiable environmental benefit, including:

- reducing pollution
- restoring ecosystems
- increasing biodiversity
- improving ecological resilience
- reducing resource depletion
- supporting long-term planetary stability

1B — Social Improvement

ESG is earned when actions produce verifiable social benefit, including:

- improving physical or mental health
- reducing crime
- reducing addiction
- reducing homelessness
- reducing poverty
- improving fairness and equality
- strengthening community cohesion
- reducing discrimination
- reducing self-harm

1C — No Promises, Only Proof

ESG may only be issued when a person, company, or organisation has **proven** a net positive impact.

No promises.
No PR.
No greenwashing.
No "future benefit" claims.
Only measurable results.

⭐ RULE 2 — ESG Is Lost Only Through Demonstrable Harm

2A — Environmental Harm

ESG is lost when actions cause verifiable environmental damage, including:

- pollution
- habitat destruction
- biodiversity loss
- resource depletion
- ecosystem degradation

2A.1 — Essentiality Test

Environmental destruction is permitted only when:

- the action is essential to human survival or public safety
- all alternatives have been assessed and exhausted

- harm is reduced to the lowest achievable level
- the loss is offset by equal or greater ecological improvement elsewhere

2A.2 — No Legal Loopholes

No authority may bypass the essentiality test by rebranding a project as:

- “critical infrastructure”
- “national interest”
- “strategic development”
- or any similar label

2A.3 — No Convenience or Profit Justification

Environmental harm cannot be justified by:

- convenience
- preference
- profit
- efficiency
- commercial expansion
- non-essential infrastructure

2B — Social Harm

ESG is lost when actions cause verifiable social harm, including:

- reducing health
- reducing safety
- increasing crime
- increasing addiction
- increasing homelessness
- increasing poverty
- increasing discrimination
- reducing fairness
- reducing equality of opportunity

2C — Harm Must Be Proven

ESG is removed only when harm is demonstrated, not assumed.

⭐ RULE 3 — ESG Value and Pricing

ESG value is determined by measurable environmental and social impact, assessed against:

- **5 similar items** (proportionality)
- **5 dissimilar items** (cross-category consistency)

This prevents arbitrary or politically motivated pricing.

3A — Essential Goods Remain Accessible

Essential goods and services have adjusted ESG requirements to ensure:

- no one is punished for needing essentials
- no community is disadvantaged
- no critical service becomes unaffordable

3B — Transitional Improvements Are Rewarded

Actions that reduce long-term harm — even if imperfect — receive positive weighting to accelerate responsible change.

3C — Scoring Transparency

All scoring algorithms, weightings, and rule changes must be:

- public
- auditable
- explainable

No secret maths.
No hidden adjustments.

⭐ RULE 4 — Global ESG Assessment and Oversight

4A — Standardised Global Methodology

ESG values are assessed using a global, standardised framework to ensure fairness across:

- countries
- industries
- cultures
- technologies

4B — Continuous Updating

Values update regularly to remain accurate and relevant.

4C — Independent Oversight

Oversight is:

- independent
- decentralised
- protected from political or commercial influence

4D — Waste Tracking

Waste is tracked digitally from creation to disposal.

Waste responsibility:

- follows the product
- remains with the creator until certified disposal
- is shared between creator and holders (50/25/25 model)
- is refunded upon proper disposal

Unaccounted waste = environmental harm.

⭐ RULE 5 — Anti-Corruption and Anti-Loophole Protection

This rule prevents:

- manipulation of ESG values
- fraudulent reporting
- greenwashing
- political interference
- “critical infrastructure” exemptions
- ESG laundering
- loophole exploitation

The system includes:

- automatic discrepancy detection
- inferred waste detection
- AI-driven fraud analysis
- community oversight
- penalties for cheating

⭐ RULE 6 — ESG Is a Flow, Not a Store of Wealth

ESG cannot be:

- hoarded
- traded
- inherited
- speculated on
- used as a currency
- used to accumulate power

ESG flows continuously:

- earned through good
- lost through harm
- redistributed to communities

This prevents:

- inequality
- corruption
- power concentration
- shadow markets

⭐ RULE 7 — ESG Bank Operations and Redistribution

The ESG Bank:

- redistributes ESG per capita
- balances harm
- prevents inflation
- ensures fairness
- provides community-only visibility
- avoids public shaming
- avoids league tables
- avoids rankings

People see their own score and their community's progress — not a global leaderboard.

⭐ RULE 8 — Transitional Protection for Essential Sectors

Essential industries receive:

- transitional weighting
- phased upgrades
- long-term smoothing
- protection from sudden penalties
- support during infrastructure upgrades

This prevents system shock.

⭐ RULE 9 — Rights and Responsibilities

Individuals Must:

- act responsibly
- minimise harm
- report waste
- follow disposal rules

Individuals Must Not:

- exploit loopholes
- commit fraud
- harm communities

Communities Must:

- track impact
- support improvement
- resolve disputes

Communities Are Protected From:

- exploitation
- pollution
- unfair penalties

⭐ APPENDIX B — The ESG App Blueprint

(How a Simple App Rewires the Entire Economy Without Needing Permission From Anyone)

The ESG App is the engine that makes the ESG Principles real.

It doesn't replace money.
It replaces **bullshit** — greenwashing, hidden costs, externalised harm, and the economic illusion that waste magically disappears.

It starts small.
It scales naturally.
It becomes unstoppable.

And it all begins with something as mundane as selling a radiator.

⭐ 1. The First Trade — How the System Boots Up

You list an old radiator on the ESG App.

1A — The Radiator Gets an ESG Value

The app calculates:

- materials
- energy used
- waste avoided
- lifespan extension

It assigns:

- **Product ESG value** (e.g., 34 ESG)
- **Waste liability** (e.g., 10 ESG)

1B — The Buyer Onboards

They:

- download the app

- create an account
- receive a starter ESG allocation

1C — The Trade Happens

You transfer the radiator.
The app transfers 34 ESG from them to you.
Waste liability is assigned.

This is the first ESG trade.

⭐ 2. The Marketplace Grows

More people join.
More items get listed.
More ESG trades happen.

The app becomes:

- a reuse marketplace
- a repair marketplace
- a local circular economy

All powered by ESG.

⭐ 3. Companies Notice — And Want In

Companies join because:

- people prefer ESG-positive products
- ESG trades are increasing
- ESG is becoming a parallel value system

They connect their accounting systems.

⭐ 4. Accounting Integration — The Breakthrough

The app reads:

- invoices
- purchase orders
- energy bills
- transport costs
- waste contracts
- materials
- labour
- packaging
- disposal fees

It calculates:

- ESG cost of every input
- ESG value of every product
- waste liability
- environmental footprint
- social footprint

No greenwashing.
No marketing spin.
Just measurable reality.

⭐ 5. Waste Liability — The Core Mechanism

Waste liability is paid up front:

- Manufacturer: 5 ESG
- Buyer: 2.5 ESG
- Buyer's community: 2.5 ESG

Waste liability follows the product.
Proper disposal earns it back.
Dumping earns nothing.
Communities harmed lose ESG.
Communities that retrieve waste earn ESG.

Clean communities become ESG superpowers.

⭐ 6. Anti-Cheat Systems

- AI fraud detection
- community verification
- decentralised ledger
- ESG cannot be bought, sold, or hoarded

Impact, not wealth.

⭐ 7. Community Mechanics

Communities receive:

- monthly impact reports
- environmental trends
- wellbeing indicators
- improvement suggestions

No shaming.
No leaderboards.
Just cooperation.

Communities that reduce harm earn faster.

⭐ 8. Network Effects — ESG Becomes a Parallel Economy

People trade in ESG.
Companies accept ESG.
Supply chains adopt ESG.
ESG becomes the trusted measure of impact.

Money handles finance.
ESG handles responsibility.

Two systems.
Side by side.
Balanced.

⭐ 9. Technical Blueprint — How to Actually Build It

Phase 1 — Radiator Phase

Reuse marketplace, basic ESG calculator, identity system, ledger.

Phase 2 — Accounting Integration

APIs for Xero, Sage, QuickBooks, SAP, Oracle.

Phase 3 — B2B ESG

Supply chain ESG, waste tracking, product passports.

Phase 4 — Full Ecosystem

Community dashboards, governance, fraud detection, global scaling.

⭐ Production Improvements & Long-Term Projects

1. Gradual Improvements = Gradual ESG Gains

Better practices → higher ESG → more sales → more improvements.

2. ESG Rewards Progress, Not Perfection

Direction of travel matters.

3. Long-Term Projects Are Finally Viable

Wind farms, recycling plants, water treatment, rewilding — all rewarded fairly.

4. Transitional Weighting

Short-term harm is not punished when long-term benefit is clear.

5. Why This Matters

Without transitional weighting, civilisation stays short-sighted.
With it, civilisation becomes future-proof.

6. The Combined Effect

A self-improving civilisation where:

- waste disappears
- pollution drops
- recycling increases
- repair becomes normal
- items are built to last
- long-term projects flourish
- the planet heals

Because doing the right thing becomes the most profitable thing.